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# THE BELFAST MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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COMMUNICATIONS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

THE HISTORY OF AN INTENDED DIVINE.

(Continued from Page 90.)

CHAPTER IV.

“Hail, Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child;  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood.”—

THE evening lowered, the wind arose, the foaming surge lashed the shore,—in short, when our hero arrived at Donaghadee, he found that no vessel would venture out until next morning; he then asked for dinner, and was informed that there was an ordinary in the house, and that dinner should be brought up immediately. Among the company assembled there were two “rude and boisterous captains of the deep;” a very pretty bowing and scraping embryo physician, going for the last time to Edinburgh, that he might be invested with authority to rush forth, killing and to kill; and a few “unticketed cobs,” who, like Fitzpatrick, were destined, at some future period, to grace the *timber*, but whether of the pulpit or the pillory, time alone could determine. Dinner was despatched with silent celerity, as Dr. Johnson would have said, but the wine was good, and shortly after the cloth was removed, the strife of tongues commenced. The aspect of affairs was very pleasing to Fitzpatrick; he

saw the seamen were disposed to “touch the grog;” he also saw the squeamish consequence assumed by the medical gentleman, and therefore hoped to extract some merriment at his expense. “Come,” said he, “the storm is roaring without, but let good humour, mirth, and sociality, prevail within. We have a blazing fire, and a comfortable room, and nothing is wanting but a swiaging jorum of punch; what say you, my friends?” “Give us your hand, my hearty,” exclaimed one of the captains, “I like your spirit; let us have a jollification. My friend Tomlins here will give us the Tempest, as loud as the squall that whistles around us.” The punch was soon produced, and the glass circulated rapidly, when Fitzpatrick requested the promised song; the sailor hemmed two or three times, by way of preface, and began “Cease, rude Boreas,” and went through the song with a voice that might have stunned Boreas himself. All the company applauded, but the embryo doctor; he bit his lips, drew out a very handsome tortoise-shell snuff-box, displayed a lily-white hand, and took a pinch with great grace and dignity. “’Pon my honour,” said he. “I must confess, I have not heard any thing equal to that in the course of my whole life; it is extraordinary, it is past common, ’pon honour.” “Aye,” replied the seaman, “match that if you can, my little Jacky-dandy.” A supercilious toss of the head was the only an-

swer. "I think," said Fitzpatrick, "there is a direct challenge; come, do, sir, take up the gauntlet." "'Pon honour, I have no idea of entering the lists with a champion of such prowess; his strength of lungs far exceeds any thing I could imagine, and seems very happily adapted to contend with the roaring of that element on which he spends so much of his time; but since it is your desire, I shall contribute my mite to the common stock of entertainment." He then cleared his pipes, blew his nose with a perfumed handkerchief, and warbled forth the following lines, quite in the Squallani manner:

"I snatched from fair Jessy a kiss,  
Oh! sweetly it thrilled to my heart;  
Is heaven more pregnant with bliss?  
Could heaven more transport impart?"

"By every thing tender and dear,  
By that radiance which beams from her eyes,

May I die if Lam not sincere,  
But that kiss above treasures I prize.

"She frowned, but it was not in hate,  
She blushed—'twas the tint of the rose;  
She smiled—it was followed by fate—  
'Twas a smile that undid my repose.

"She chid me in accents so mild,  
That I panted to double my bliss,  
The glance of her eye drove me wild,  
And again did I ravish a kiss."

"If I might conclude from the sentiments expressed in that song," said our hero, "I would suppose it to be the production of Moore." "He, he, he! I protest you pay me a very handsome compliment," replied the sweet songster, "for I assure you, upon honour, I am the author of it myself." "Then it does credit to your genius; and I am so fond of any thing sentimental, that I attempt to sing a little now and then in that way myself; however, I could not pretend to any thing like the manner in which that has been executed." The physician bowed, and requested that he would favour the company with a specimen. Fitzpatrick

arranged the muscles of his countenance, threw himself into a fine picturesque attitude, and began:

"Ye clowns that stand gaping around,  
Oh! mock not a man in distress!  
No such tantrums in love had I found,  
Had I not chanced to love to excess.

"Yet Norah was lovely to view,  
As a hawthorn in bloom fair to see,  
Though she could not tell P from a Q,  
She'd fit me, I thought, to a T.

"But, ye lovers, attend to my strains,  
When I told her my pitiful case,  
She gave me a kick for my pains,  
And spat a great blob in my face!

"Now I measle my shins at the fire,  
And sadly I blubber and whine,  
Or dream of the nymph I admire,  
And grunt in my bed like a swine.

"Oh! ye owls that sit screeching in trees,  
Ye ravens that croak through the air,  
Screech and croak there as long as you please,  
'Twill soothe me amidst my despair."

The seamen applauded this song with peals of laughter, but Hamilton, (the name of the dapper little fop) seemed a good deal chagrined, and considered it as an attempt to burlesque his very refined effusion; he was therefore mortified at seeing how much the rest of the company enjoyed it; and turning round to Tomlins, said: "You seem to relish this song mightily; I suppose it is completely calculated for the meridian of your intellect." "Why, mayhap it is, but certain I do relish it; and I can't say so much for yours." "You ought to be rewarded" said Hamilton "as Midas was on an occasion somewhat similar." "And how was he rewarded, pray?" "With a pair of asses ears." "Why you little sprig of a pincushion-maker, do you give yourself airs? Do you pretend to know any thing about singing? I would rather be condemned to listen to the squeaking of a hungry pig, or the mewing of a half starved kitten; your voice is like the creaking of an old dry pul-

ley, and then you keep heaving back your head, and turning up the whites of your eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm." "And had you been shut up in the famous brazen bull, you could not have bellowed more hideously. Why, it was enough to shake every pane of glass out of the windows! The howling of an hyena is the lyre of Orpheus to it." No reply to this speech, but a glass of punch jerked into the face of him who made it, by the enraged seaman. Fitzpatrick and the rest of the company immediately interposed, and Hamilton hopped out of the room, muttering something about Goths, Vandals and barbarians.

The morning was fine, and they embarked; the passage was short and pleasant, and they were put ashore in safety on "the land of cakes." I might now follow my hero step by step, and describe his journey; I might be even able to inform the curious reader of the different stages, the entertainment, the turnpikes, the prices, and embellish all with a sketch of the country; but alas! I shine not in description. Besides, my gentle friend, if you are fond of landscape painting, I refer you to Walter Scott; or you may visit Loch Katrine; or you may go to the Lake of Killarney; or, there is a very snug, comfortable looking lake at Castleblayney, with a decent quantity of neat smart scenery round about it, enough in all conscience to content a moderate man. I can do no more for you, so let us return to my hero. Nothing particular occurred until he came to the Doon; he then thought of "Tam O'Shanter: at Kirk Alloway he thought on the "cutty-sark;" and at the house in which Burns was born, he thought on Burns himself. Above the door was a portrait of the Ayrshire bard; and below the por-

trait, (on a different board, indeed) Fitzpatrick caught a glimpse of "Licensed to sell Ale, &c." He called to the driver to stop, and he and his companions descended, and bathed the tankard's brim, to the memory of him who had so often "set the table in a roar."

They then proceeded on their way, and arrived in Glasgow without molestation; the lamps were lighted, the bells were ringing "a merry merry peal;" Fitzpatrick's heart beat in unison, and he rejoiced that he was now about to enter on pursuits to which he was hitherto a stranger.

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*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

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GENTLEMEN,

I DO not recollect to have seen in any of your Numbers an account of the "New Female Benefit Club," which was established in York some years ago. Being of opinion that it is a very excellent institution, I take the liberty of sending you a brief account of it, hoping that it may engage the attention of some philanthropists in this part of the kingdom.

The establishment appears to have been formed and conducted by the ladies of York, who have taken great pains in informing themselves on the subject of the calculations, and every other particular necessary to their plan. Its object is, to afford relief in sickness and in old age, by means of small contributions, made by the members during the season of health and vigour. Persons in health, who are at service, or are otherwise employed, can easily spare a small matter from their weekly allowance, which when put into a common stock placed at interest, will afford a very considerable relief to the sick and aged members.